

# THE JASPER WEEKLY COURIER.

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NO. 6

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DEMOIS COUNTY, INDIANA, BY  
**HERRINGER, DOANE & SMITH.**  
OFFICE—CORNER OF MAIN CROSS AND  
MACDONALD STREETS.

**TERMS—STRICTLY IN ADVANCE:**  
Single Subscription, for fifty Nos., \$1 50

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#### ANNOUNCING CARD.

For Township offices, early.  
For County.  
For District, Circuit, or State.

#### The Last

I dreamed a dream the other night,  
When everything was hushed and still,  
Which made each hair stand on its  
end, and each heart beat with  
fright,  
Stiff as the porcupine's last quill.  
My thought that petticoats had grown  
To such a vast and monstrous size,  
That there was room for them alone—  
And none for man—beneath the skies.

The beasts and every creeping thing  
Had died. The flowers bloomed no more,  
The grass and tender herbs of spring  
Were withered on the desert shore.  
Ten million leagues of crimson  
Stretched over all like funeral pall,  
And on the cold and cheerless scene  
The sun's warm rays could never fall.

On Ararat's cloud contained peak  
The last man stood, with pallid face,  
Sick, trembling, weary, worn and weak—  
Sad remnant of a vanishing race.  
In vain, alas! poor man, in vain  
His footsteps sought that rest of old,  
For a cloud of skirts soon filled the plain,  
And hid the mountain in their fold.

Still bigger grew those spheres of white,  
Until they reached the summit high,  
And stretched above the wretched wight,  
Like canopy banners to the sky.  
The man looked o'er the precipice,  
"Make way for petticoats!" he cried,  
And plunging down the dark abyss,  
Made way for petticoats—and died.

#### Hoops!

Hoops of rubber, or whale bone—  
Hoops of steel, and hoops of brass—  
Each fair lady takes her own,  
And tries her neighbor to surpass.  
Five feet through, and fifteen round—  
Like a haystack set on pins!  
All the skirts now to be found  
Seem made to break a lover's shrine!

Side-walks must be wider made—  
Broader doors I would advise—  
Fews in church, I am afraid  
Must all be doubled in their size!

And when a lover goes to see  
The girl his heart doth hold most dear,  
He'll want a full six feet three  
To talk soft nothings in her ear!

And then should be romantic  
And try to catch a kiss or more,  
Those hoops of brass, or steel, or steel,  
Would baffle him, you may be sure!

'Twill thus be seen that hoops of  
Of steel, or rubber, or of bone,  
Are fixtures quite ridiculous,  
Which girls of sense should soon  
Have done away with long ago.

**HE PAID IN ADVANCE.**—A  
says—There is a man up in our  
always pays for his paper in advance.  
has never had a sick day in his life.  
had any cure or the toothache, his gums  
never rot, the weevil never eats his wheat,  
the frost never kills his corn and beans, his  
babies never cry in the night, and his wife  
never scolds, and always wears moderate  
sized hoops.

**A STRIKE OF WAR.**—Dispatches have been  
received at Washington from Capt. Forest,  
who has command of the flag-ship St. Law-  
rence, on the coast of Brazil, dated Monte-  
video, January 23, in which he says:—

The Falkland will join me here, after the  
15th, with the Supply. We have no treaty  
with this country, and Mr. Hamilton, the  
American Consul, being about to close his  
office and return to the United States, our  
government will be left without any repre-  
sentative on shore here. I have just learned  
that our Consul at Buenos Ayres has received  
his passport.

Men are frequently like tea—the real  
strength and goodness is not properly drawn  
out until they have been a short time in hot  
water.

#### A Runaway Couple.

A runaway couple of "true lovers" of the  
most fervent Yankee stamp, arrived at a  
small inn near Boston, and wanted the land-  
lord to send for a minister to "splice 'em,"  
and "be quick about it."

The landlord complied, and the "licensed  
minister" came.

"Be you the minister?" asked the bride-  
groom.

"I am," he replied.

"Oh! you be, eh! What's your name?"

"Stiggins."

"Well, now, Stiggins," said the Yankee,  
"do it up brown, and your money is ready."

"With the reverend gentleman con-  
senting to join hands."

"You stood up with his lady love  
last night, didn't you?"

"Yes, B.," said the parson, "to  
the bridegroom."

"You were lawful and wedded wife?"

"Yes, I will love and honor her in all  
things."

"Sartin—yes, I tell yer."

"That you will cling to her, and her only,  
as long as both shall live!"

"Yess, indeed—wutha' else?" continued  
the Yankee, in the most delighted and earn-  
est manner.

But here the reverend clergyman halted,  
much to the surprise of a present, and to  
the especial annoyance and discomfort of  
the ardent bridegroom.

"One moment, my friend," responded the  
minister, slowly, for it occurred to him that  
the laws of his State did not permit this per-  
formance without the publication of the  
banns for a certain length of time.

"What—what—what in time is the mat-  
ter? Don't stop here! Put her there! What's  
split, parson? Anything gin com?"

"Just at this moment, my friend, I have re-  
membered that you can't be married in Mas-  
sachusetts, as the law is—"

"Can't! What in nature's the reason? I  
like her—she likes me—what's to hinder?"

"You have not been published, sir, I sus-  
pect."

"That's a fact—ain't again?" to be rather—  
that's the reason why we crossed over into  
your 'little Rhode' (the scene was on the  
border of Rhode Island) on the sky, you see,  
parson."

"I—really—sir—"

"R—e—s—i—s—t—y—well, never mind—go ahead.  
Tain't far—don't you see 'tain't! You've  
married me and bairn teched her! Now,  
don't stop here! Tain't the fair thing—by  
gracious tain't now, and you know it."

"I will brouse," said the minister, hesi-  
tatingly.

"No you won't—no you don't! You don't  
consult nothing nor nobody until this here  
business is concluded!" and with this he  
turned the key, and put it (amidst the titter-  
ing of the witnesses whom the landlord had  
called in) in his pocket.

Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he  
said:

"G—o—d—bless—straight from where you  
left—through, and no dodging—"

"I—will—brouse—straight from where you  
left—through, and no dodging—"

"I—will—brouse—straight from where you  
left—through, and no dodging—"

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left—through, and no dodging—"

"I—will—brouse—straight from where you  
left—through, and no dodging—"

#### The Land Beyond the River.

It was a lovely day; the balmy breath of  
June wafted the rich fragrance of the sum-  
mer flowers, while the warbling songsters of  
the grove chanted sweetest melodies to their  
creator, God—and in their most melodious  
strains, joined with all created nature in  
rendering praise to the Fountain of all bless-  
ings. The golden orb of day was just sink-  
ing behind the western wave, and its last  
lingering rays, as though loth to leave the  
scene, still shed their halo of mellow light  
upon the arch of heaven, and gilded the  
fleecy clouds with the tints of Paradise. The  
whole scene is one of surpassing loveliness.  
But, kind reader, while your heart is filled  
with praise and love to the bountiful Giver  
of good, go with me and learn to adore His  
richer love.

Little Ella was dying. Pain no longer  
racked her weary limbs. Under the touch  
of the icy hand of death, the fever that for  
days had been drying the blood in her veins  
was rapidly cooling, and the flush was fading  
from her thin cheek. The dying little one  
was dear to many hearts—theirs was the  
grief too deep for utterance, and in the si-  
lence of bitter, tearless agony, they stood  
around her dying couch, for they knew that  
she was departing. The father and mother  
and kind physician stood bending over the  
form of the lovely child, watching her la-  
bored breathing. In apparent sleep, she had  
been for some time silent, and they thought  
that it might be thus she would pass away.  
But suddenly her blue eyes opened, and a  
smile of heavenly sweetness rested upon  
her features. She looked eagerly forward at  
first, then turning her eyes upon her moth-  
er's face, said in a sweet voice:

"Mother, see that beautiful country beyond  
those dark, rushing waters. Oh, how beau-  
tiful! What is the name of that country,  
mother?"

"I can see nothing, my child," said the moth-  
er.

"Look there, dear mother," said the child,  
pointing again, "can you not see it now? See  
how those angry waves dash against those  
rocks—and, oh! what a beautiful country  
beyond—the sun shines so pleasantly, and I  
see such beautiful flowers, and the birds sing  
so sweetly—oh! they are so near me now, I  
can almost touch them with my hand, and  
the people all look so happy there. Oh! pa-  
rents, can you not see beyond the river? Tell me  
the name of that land."

The parents exchanged glances, and re-  
plied together, "The land you see is Heaven,  
is it not, my child?"

"Oh yes, that is its name; I thought it  
must be Heaven. Oh, let me go. But how  
shall I cross that deep, dark river? Father,  
carry me; will you not? See, the angels are  
waiting for me on the other side—they are  
holding out their arms for me. Oh, father,  
take me in your arms, and carry me across  
the river. I must go."

Solemn awe pervaded the room, as if they  
stood upon the very verge of eternity—as if  
the curtain was about to be withdrawn that  
concealed the unknown glories of the eternal  
world.

"My child, will you wait with us a little  
longer?" said the father; "stronger arms than  
mine will soon bear you across the river."

"Stay with your mother a little longer; see  
how she weeps at the thought of losing you."

"Dear mother, do not cry, but come with  
me and cross the stream. Come, father,  
come—angels are whispering in my ears, and  
I see a bright standing upon the other shore  
who is smiling upon me and stretching out  
his arms to take me. Now he is coming  
down into the river to carry me across. I  
must go—come with me!" and stretching  
out her little arms for a last embrace, she  
said, "Good bye, mother; don't be afraid, I  
shall come to carry me safely across the river."

And these were her last words. Gently  
did they lay the fair form back again upon  
the pillow, and kneeling at the bedside, the  
grief-stricken parents thanked God for this  
season of love, and prayed for resignation,  
saying, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath  
taken away. Blessed be the name of the  
Lord."

**THE INDIAN CENSUS.**—According to the  
census returns, the entire number of Indians  
inhabiting all parts of our country amounts  
to about 415,000. Of this number 30,000 are  
the unapportioned territories; 34,100 are the  
Indians of Texas; 92,130 belong to the tribes  
living in New Mexico; 32,231 are in Cali-  
fornia; 22,735 in Oregon; 11,500 in Utah.

#### For the Jasper Courier.

**I Leave Thee for a While, my Love.**

TO MISS C.

I leave thee for a while my love, I leave thee  
with a sigh.

The fountain spring within my soul is play-  
ing in my eye:

I do not blush to own the tear, but let it  
touch my cheek.

And what my lip has failed to tell, that drop  
perchance may speak.

My fair one! when again I seek my loved  
home in the West—

Oh! promise thou wilt share my lot, and set  
this heart at rest.

I leave thee for a while my love, but every  
hour will be

Uncheered and lonely till the one who  
brings me back to thee.

I go to make my riches more; but I  
man to find

A vein of gold so rich and pure  
leave behind!

And even though a fairy's hand should  
a diamond nest,

Till thou wouldst share and make  
this heart would know no rest.

I leave thee for a while, my love; my  
is cold and white;

But oh! I see a promise stand within that  
glance of light;

When next I seek Patoka's shore, thy step  
will bliss it too,

And then the grass will seem more green,  
the sky will have more blue.

Mary, my first and dearest loved, there's  
sunshine in my breast,

For thou wilt share my future lot, and set  
this heart at rest.

#### Beautiful Extract.

You cannot go into the meadow and pluck  
up a single daisy by the roots without break-  
ing up a society of nice relations, and de-  
tecting a principle more extensive and re-  
fined than mere gravitation. The hand of  
earth that follows the fanny roots of the  
little flower is replete with social elements.  
A little social circle had been formed around  
that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and  
the dewdrop met there, and the soft summer  
breeze came whispering through the tall  
grass to join the silent concert. The earth  
took them to the daisy gem; and all went to  
work to show that flower to the sun. Each  
mingled in the honey of its influence, and  
they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an  
aim that made it grow. And when it  
lifted its eyes toward the sky, they wove a  
soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the  
sun saw it through the green leaves and  
smiled as he passed on; and then, by star-  
light and moonlight, they worked on; and  
the daisy lifted up its head, and one morn-  
ing while the sun was looking, it put on its  
silver-rimmed diadem, and showed its yellow  
petals to the stars. And it nodded to the  
little birds that were swimming in the sky,  
and all of them that had silver lined  
and birds in black, gray, and quail,  
came; and the querulous blue bird  
courtesying yellow bird came, and the  
coronation of that daisy.—Boston Herald.

**SUPPORT YOUR COUNTY PAPER.**

Cleveland Herald talks thus of the  
the duty of supporting home papers. It  
collect, if a home weekly paper is pub-  
ported, home influence must be main-  
citizen should feel interested in seeing that  
his home paper is well supported. A county  
acquires prominence through its paper more  
than in any way, and to every one who has  
county interests at stake, his home paper is a  
necessity. Never will such a man take a  
paper printed away from home until he is  
able to take a second paper. His first paper  
will be his home sheet, and he will so iden-  
tify his own interest with that of his county  
paper as to consider his subscription as much  
a matter of duty as the payment of his taxes.

That is very sensible talk. Every com-  
munity should support well its local paper.  
Each county in every State should pride it-  
self on the support given to the paper pub-  
lished within its limits.

Many a man blows his brains out with  
a brandy bottle. They think that if they  
"go off" but half-cooked there is no danger,  
but experience has proved the reverse.—  
There is suicide in a rum-barrel as well as a  
pistol-barrel.

Women like moths are caught with glare.

#### Cure for Shying.

If a lady's horse be addicted to shying, I  
will give her a sure and simple cure for the  
same; one which I have never known to  
fail. Let us, for instance, suppose the ex-  
istence of a large heap of stones on the  
near side of the road. The horse sees an  
indistinct grey object and prepares to shy at  
it: The moment he shows such symptom,  
let his fair rider turn both her eyes on ex-  
actly the opposite side of the road, (i. e. the  
off side,) and look steadily away from the  
offending heap, and I'll engage that the  
horse will walk quietly by.

For many years I have ridden horses of all  
temperaments and dispositions, some of them much  
given to shying, and have never yet found  
this simple remedy to fail in its effect. Let  
me scoff at me try it. The reason is  
that a human eye has, doubtless, a great  
sympathy between the  
the horse sees an indistinct  
doubtfully at it; his  
imagine that the  
submit some eccentricity,  
from the object which  
whereas, if he finds that  
and unconcernedly,  
confidence and goes on in  
of his way. I believe that  
of our horses are ruined for life by  
being hit over the head by grooms to cure  
them of shying.

#### A Picture of Gen. Havelock.

The Calcutta correspondent of the Lon-  
don Times, writing of the death of General  
Havelock, says:

The deceased General has been a promi-  
nent character in Indian history for nearly  
twenty years. In the first Punjab war he  
was Lord Hardinge's most trusted friend. A  
slight, spare man, about five feet five inches  
in height, with an emaciated face and an eagle  
eye, he belonged emphatically to the class  
who have never to contend with disobedi-  
ence or mutiny. He was perhaps the bravest  
man in his own army, and was never so  
chatty and agreeable as when under fire. He  
was a Christian of the old stamp—a strong  
God fearing Puritan man, who deemed it no  
shame to teach his soldiers to pray. "Turn  
out the saints," said Lord Gragh on one oc-  
casion, when he anticipated desperate work;  
"Havelock never blunders, and his men are  
never drunk." The loss has created a most  
painful impression in Calcutta.

**NEWSPAPERS.**—There are three thousand  
three hundred and sixty-four newspapers  
published in the United States and Territo-  
ries, of which six hundred and thirteen are  
in New York, four hundred and nineteen in  
Pennsylvania, three hundred and eighty-  
two in Ohio, two hundred and twenty-one in  
Illinois, two hundred and nineteen in Mas-  
sachusetts. There are fifty in Canada, five  
in the Sandwich Islands, and two in New  
Zealand. In England and Wales there  
are about seventy-two, in Scot-  
land about one hundred and  
in the British Isles and Jersey  
about fifteen hundred  
in France, about six hundred in Spain, very few in Italy,  
and about one in Constantinople, and about one

country house, with roses  
trained to climb over it  
taste, beauty and intelligence  
toil enough to insure health, and  
leisure to court acquaintance with books  
and flowers and the loveliness of nature,  
with peace, plenty and love, is surely one  
of the paradises which Heaven has left for  
the attainment of man.

Twelve months ago the site of the city  
of Sumner, Kansas, at the Great Western  
Bend of the Missouri, was an unbroken for-  
est. Now it contains a population of up-  
ward of six hundred; more than one hundred  
buildings have been erected, including a  
brick hotel which cost \$15,000, and will ac-  
commodate nearly three hundred people, and  
several fine blocks. Three saw mills, a  
flouring mill, two brick yards, a public  
school, a weekly newspaper, three hotels  
and a large number of stores are in succe-  
ssful operation. Upwards of two hundred and  
fifty houses, including some ten or twelve  
fine brick blocks, are already contracted for,  
to go up this season.

A patent medicine vender advertises  
pills and ointment that will cure the worst  
of any pair of boots.